

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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I GIVE THANKS

I GIVE thanks to the year at the long year's end

For the gift of its nights and days,

For the gift of the friendship of every friend,

For his censure and for his praise.

give thanks to the year for its gift of wealth,

For the faith and the trust I seek.

I give thanks for my strength and the gift of
health;

May they help me to help the weak.

I give thanks to the year for the gain it brought,

And the loss that is more than gain:

For the passions destroyed and the lessons
wrought

At the price of my grief and pain.

I give thanks to the year that is gray and worn

For the gift of the year that wakes:

For the hope of the days that are yet unborn,

Where I'll build from this year's mistakes.

—*Alva Romanes.*

THE SEAS IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND

"Who hath measured the seas in the hollow
of His hand."—ISA. 40: 12.

THE wonderful force and immensity of the thought of our text cannot be appreciated by those who have never been upon the great ocean. As we drive through the water at railroad speed and keep watch in every direction, yet seldom see a vessel large or small, day after day, we begin to get a little conception of the world in which we live. It is so much larger than previously we were able to comprehend. Yet, by the aid of the telescope and of mathematical calculations we perceive that our earth and its seas are small in comparison to many other worlds. We perceive that our solar system

constitutes but a small fraction of God's great creation. Astronomers tell us that by the aid of sensitive photographic plates they are able to count about 125,000,000's of suns around which planets are revolving as our earth revolves around the sun. And they estimate that only a portion of these suns are visible to our naked eye, so far distant are they. Astronomers estimate that there are millions of other suns so far distant that their light cannot even be discovered by photography.

We stand appalled at the immensity of space and at the law and order which everywhere reigns. We heartily assent to the words of the prophet David, "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge: there is no place where their voice is not heard." The person who can look upon this wonderful display of superhuman power and believe that these worlds created themselves shows to the majority of us that if he has brains they are sadly disordered, unbalanced. The person who, after intelligent thought, concludes that there is no God, that everything came to be what it is by chance or by the operation of some blind force—that person is described in the Scriptures in the following words: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Psa. 14: 1).

On first reading our text some of us might have been inclined to say, "Ah, a beautiful poetic extravagance!" But not so. As scientific instruments demonstrate to us the immensity of the Universe, we perceive that the Prophet used very moderate language indeed in his description of the majestic power of the Creator, representing Him as weighing mountains in His balances and holding the seas in the hollow of His hand, and that from His standpoint a thousand years are but as a watch in the night. How insignificantly small we all feel in the presence of our God! No wonder some great minds have been inclined to say that humanity is too insignificant from the Divine standpoint to be

worthy of the least consideration—much less to be objects of Divine care and providence!

The Scriptures encourage us to reason from the known to the unknown. They tell us that although God is so great, so wise, so powerful, he is also just and loving. And the more we consider the matter, the more reasonable this Bible description of the Almighty appears. His power we see demonstrated. The wisdom of One so great cannot be doubted. Thus, we come to consider, could One so wise and so powerful be unjust or ungenerous? Our hearts answer, No! No one is really great who is devoid of justice and love. So surely as our God is Jehovah, He must possess these qualities. He must be the source of wisdom, justice, love and power—His four cardinal attributes.

When we came in contact with the Bible, and particularly after we learned something of its teachings and got rid of the misrepresentations which gathered about it during the Dark Ages, then we began to recognize it as the message of Jehovah to his creatures. It informed us that the great Creator of the Universe is not only Almighty and All-wise, but loving and kind, that Justice is the very foundation of His Empire. From the Bible we learned, too, that our Creator had been pleased to make us in His own image, in His own moral likeness, to the intent that we might enjoy Him and the fruits of His righteousness to all eternity.

From this standpoint we began to realize that the loftiest sentiments of the human mind and heart are merely the reflections of this Creator. Thus coming into sympathetic accord with our Maker, we can comprehend the principles of His character—what justice signifies, and mercy and kindness—what is wisdom as contrasted with foolishness. From this standpoint we were enabled to see the glorious perfection of our Maker's character and attributes, which justify the name which he has taken to Himself when he declares through His ambassador, "God is Love." As we come to realize this more and more, we are grasping the Infinite: we are getting near to the heart of the great Eternal One, who weighs the mountains as in a balance and measures the seas in the hollow of His hand.

One of old truly said, "Thou art a God which hidest Thyself" (Isa. 45: 15). How true. As a result the world by wisdom knows not God. He is near in His wisdom and love yet He can be seen only by those whose eyes of understanding have been opened. But we see that the time shall come when all the blind eyes shall see clearly. "As I live, saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filled with my glory." "The knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep" (Hab. 2: 14). Then all shall see what God

hath wrought: and our temporary blindness will but accentuate the glorious brightness of His wisdom, justice, love and power.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

How wonderful is our God, infinite in all His qualities! "Who hath known the mind of the Lord: who hath been His counsellor?" (Rom. 11: 34). How came all these wonderful things which are written in His book unless by His own knowledge? Let us bow before Him and adore Him and be faithful followers in the footsteps of Jesus until the end of the race—until we receive the Crown of Life—glory, honor and immortality.

"High in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy design.
Forever firm Thy Justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deed."

—Selected.

TOWERING TREE PROVES BREEZY LOOKOUT POST

ROCK-A-BYE woodsman in the tree top, when the wind blows the lookout will rock. . . .

But there is no bough to break, and steel cables prevent the lookout from falling in any weather in this unique forest watch tower, erected in the Quinault Indian Reservation, not many miles from Aberdeen, Wash.

Through coöperation between the forestry branch of the United States Indian Service and the Hoh Timber Company, this house in the trees is doing sentinel duty against forest fires. Last spring a "human fly" went 170 feet up a 200-foot Douglas fir which stood on raised ground and "topped" the tree. There remained a sheer, clear trunk, more than eight feet thick at the base and upward of a yard in diameter at the top.

At the summit of this great column of wood was erected a lookout station upon four railroad ties, bolted to the trunk. The house is about seven-feet square, and the top of the trunk extends some four feet through the floor to provide a table.

Watchers climb aloft to this house in the sky by means of the most sketchy of spiral staircases. Steel rods an inch in diameter have been driven into the trunk at regular intervals, forming a spiral about the tree. Through eyelets in the outer point of these a steel cable has been threaded, securely fastened at the top, and then drawn down and anchored at the base. The tendency

of this cable is to hold the rods in place and push them tighter than ever into the trunk.

The house is glassed in with three windows on a side. The tree itself is securely guyed by three wire ropes running from the top of the trunk to the bases of other trees near by.

To the heights of this little house a lookout man employed by the Government ascends each morning and remains on duty until after dark, scanning the 40 miles of surrounding territory within his range with powerful binoculars. If a puff of smoke meets his gaze he has but to consult the Osborne fire finder upon his natural table to locate it with remarkable exactness, and then telephone the news to fire fighters within the area.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

AN OVEN DINNER FOR FIVE

Fruit Cup

Baked Pork Chops

Potato Chips

Carrots

Baked Apple Belmont

Fruit Cup.—Remove pulp from grapefruit or oranges to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls, and add $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cupful each of crushed pineapple and banana slices cut into quarters. Sweeten to taste and set aside to chill. Serve garnished with mint.

Baked Pork Chops.—Peel 6 small onions and parboil them 10 minutes. Drain and chop the onions fine. Add to 3 cupfuls of bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a teaspoonful each of poultry seasoning and salt, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoonful of butter, melted, and a dash of pepper. Mix all together well, and heap in the center of a buttered baking dish. Around the mound lay pork chops, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake in a moderate oven until the chops are done and nicely browned.

In separate pans boil a dozen each of medium-sized onions and carrots until they are nearly done. Finish the cooking by baking, basting occasionally with 1 tablespoonful of butter melted with $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cupful of hot water. When the meat and vegetables are tender, heap the dressing in the center of a hot platter, lay the chops around it and use the onions and carrots around them as a border. Serve all very hot.

Baked Apple Belmont.—Wipe 5 large red apples, remove stem and blossom ends, and the core. Peel, leaving a band of red about an inch wide around the middle of each apple; turn a tablespoonful of sugar over each and bake in a hot oven until soft, basting every 8 minutes with the liquor in the pan. When the apples are nearly done, pour into the pan $\frac{1}{2}$ of a glass of currant or crab-apple jelly and drop into the centers of the apples fresh marshmallows cut into small pieces by scissors frequently dipped into hot water. When the apples are done and suffi-

ciently cooled, remove them to glass serving dishes and distribute the jelly among them. Serve cold, a tablespoonful of whipped cream over each, and on top a bit of jelly and a generous sprinkling of broken nut-meats.

To Save Time and Fuel.—In the morning, bake the apples, whip the cream for them and prepare the nut-meats. Put the fruit cup together and turn the potato chips into a pan, ready for reheating when wanted. Cook the onions and carrots until they are nearly done and, if desired, the meat.

If the meat is not partly cooked in the morning, an hour and a half before serving time, put the dressing and meat into the oven to bake. This time for using the oven may be shortened, however, and an unusually delicious dish produced by cooking the chops in a frying pan until they are almost done before laying them on the dressing and starting the oven. Sear the chops well on both sides first, then add water barely to cover the bottom of the utensil and let the meat simmer until the liquid is evaporated. Repeat as often as necessary until the chops are nearly cooked in the rich brown liquor. If such preparation is made in the morning, the dinner will be easier to get at the last minute, the kitchen will stay cooler and the worker need not change her frock. Before laying the meat over the dressing, reheat it in the liquor in the pan and use that for basting the meat later.

Half an hour before serving time put the carrots and onions into the oven. Set the table. About 10 minutes before serving time put the potato chips into the oven to reheat. When the meat and vegetables are done, arrange them on a hot platter and set it in a warm place until needed. Then put the fruit cocktail into the glasses. Dinner is ready.

HANDY HINTS

One tablespoon of orange juice and one teaspoon chopped Maraschino cherries added to boiled salad dressing makes a delicious dressing for fruit salads.

A wooden stool of correct height for the housewife should be found in every kitchen. Dishes may be washed, ironing done and vegetables prepared just as well while one is sitting as when standing.

If you like cinnamon, try rolling doughnuts, after frying, in cinnamon and sugar.

Vegetable soup is always better if allowed to stand for a day after it is cooked and reheated just before serving.

Before sending clothes to the laundry, remove all pins so that those handling clothes may not be pricked by overlooked pins.

If you want to preach the gospel, do so. Let your life do the preaching for you.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. J. O. Norwood, R. 1, Athens, Tenn., would enjoy light reading and sewing material.

2. I wish to thank all the kind friends who have sent cheer to my little children and me. I would like some crochet thread and sewing for myself, and story books for the children. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

3. Mrs. Albert Wann, Forrester, Texas, writes that she would like to get the *True Story* and *The National Geographic* magazines. They are her favorites. Some patchwork pieces would also help pass the winter.

4. I miss your inspiring and cheery letters which I so much appreciated. I live in the country, and, as the winter days are not long off, I would like good reading for myself and two little girls, 12 and 9 years old. I would appreciate anything for pastime. Mrs. Attie Clark, R. 2, Bassettts, Va.

5. Miss Edna Hamilton, Sandidges, Va., R. 2, misses the magazines that were sent her. She sends many thanks for all that she has received, and hopes that she will be remembered with reading this winter.

6. I am a little boy 13 years old, and, if I am not asking too much, I would be very glad to have some of the "Tarzan of the Apes" books. My father would be mighty glad to receive some

books or magazines on radio. Cleyburn Carter, Box 104, Timmons ville, S. C.

7. Mrs. W. W. Badger, Sturgills, N. C., would love to have some books or magazines. There are six children, the oldest 17, the youngest 9 months. Bits of sewing material would be highly appreciated.

8. It has been a long time since I have written, but perhaps some remember me. My husband travels as a salesman, and my only child, a girl 9 years old, is in school. I get very lonesome, and I would be very glad if someone would send me quilt pieces. Paper dolls, or scraps for doll dresses would be appreciated for my little girl. Mrs. Lena Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

9. Miss Dorris Tuggle, Box 131, Man, W. Va., has been an asthma and hay fever sufferer since a baby. She is now 18 years old. She is only able to do a little sewing or reading, and hopes that her dear friends will write to her.

10. I have been in poor health for a long time, and am just getting so that I can stir around after a serious operation. I would like quilt pieces, patchwork pieces, thread, and pictures. I hope to hear from someone soon, and I haven't forgotten the cheer I have received in the past. Mrs. Maudia Sizemore, Sturgills, N. C.

11. I do hope you have not forgotten me. The children and I were always so thankful for the

things that were sent us by the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I will appreciate quilt pieces, bits of thread, or anything useful for little girls, twins, Thelma and Velma, 4 years old; Katherine, 13; Ida, 10. Elbert, a boy 17, is afflicted with rheumatism. Mrs. A. D. Wright, Benton, Ark.

12. Mrs. W. L. Carter, R. 4, Chillicothe, Texas, wishes to correspond with someone who is of middle age, and about her age. She is 23 years old, married, and has a little girl 2 years old. She would appreciate woolen patchwork and magazines of any kind.

13. Although it has been a long time since I have heard from any of the dear ladies, I want to thank all who have remembered me in the past. I spend many lonely hours, and am thankful for any cheer. I have an afflicted girl who would enjoy embroidery thread and scraps of any kind. I would like a correspondent. God bless you all. Mrs. I. N. Haynes, R. 2, Bassetts, Va.

14. I am the mother of nine children; three are married, and six are at home. One of these is a helpless boy who can't walk, talk or even feed himself. I would be happy to receive some quilt pieces and embroidery thread, as I have to stay in the house all the time with him. Some toys for him to look at would please me. Mrs. Jennie Brooks, Grassy Creek, R. 2, N. C.

15. Mildred Alley, Walnut Cove, N. C., is not teaching this winter, but is taking a course in English at the University of North Carolina. She is working for a higher grade certificate. She would like some quilt pieces for her sister, who is unable to go out in the winter. *Good House-keeping* and *McCall's* would be appreciated by her sister and herself.

16. I am a farmer's wife, 20 years old. I have a little boy 2 years old. I am bringing up and caring for my little sister, 6 years old, and my brother, 16 years old. I would appreciate some quilt scraps and A B C books for my little sister. Mrs. Olean Walker, R. 4, Box A, Chillicothe, Texas.

17. Mrs. Avery Powers, R. 2, Box 104, Grassy Creek, N. C., hasn't heard from any of her friends lately. She would so much appreciate good letters from friends and a few quilt pieces of any kind.

18. Mintora Slawter, Box 329, Callahan, Fla., is now 73 years old, and is staying with her brother, who was injured a year ago and will never be able to work again. She would like to have a correspondent, and would be glad to receive papers and good books to read.

19. Should any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends have any perforated paper suitable for book-marks or a bookmark of the paper to loan, or books of an early date, I would like to correspond with them. I should be pleased to receive any postage stamps, especially the late com-

memorative series on envelopes, also quilt pieces and books. Lottie B. Reed, Athens, Maine.

20. Mrs. Morris Thomas, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 47, wants to thank all for the help and cheer they have sent her. She hopes to be remembered again this winter with quilt pieces, crochet thread, a fancy work magazine, and books and pictures. She wishes that someone would write to her.

21. I would like to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, also to receive quilt pieces and embroidery thread. I want to thank the ladies who sent me the packages two years ago. Mrs. M. B. Gregory, R. 1, Tennessee Colony, Texas.

22. "Will you please remember this dear lady this winter? She is all alone, and would like pictures and view cards to look at; also reading, with large print, about the Bible. Her name is Mrs. Etta Dalton, Sandy Level, Va.," writes a friend.

23. Mrs. H. C. Martin, Vinton, Va., has had a stroke of paralysis, recently, and is helpless in her left hand and leg. She has been on the *Cheerful Letter* list for over twenty-five years, and hopes to be remembered again.

24. I am a widow with four children and an aged mother to support. I get very lonely, and would like to have a correspondent, also bits of embroidery thread. Mrs. Mamie Garner, Warsaw, N. C.

25. Mrs. R. J. Robertson, Scruggs, Va., adopted two little girls and a boy about a year ago. They are a pleasure to her husband and herself. She would like A B C books for the little girls, and a few pieces of gingham or calico would help to finish her quilt this winter.

26. I would appreciate any kind of reading, bits of sewing material, embroidery thread, if anyone can send them. I like to read very much, and get very lonesome for it. Mrs. J. W. Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C.

27. I am a lonely housewife with four children and a crippled husband. I have two boys, 8 and 6 years old, and two girls, 10 and 2 years old. I would appreciate any kind of good reading for my husband and myself; also quilt pieces to piece on winter evenings. Mrs. Ethel May, Warrensville, N. C.

28. Mrs. Willie Cooper of Higginson, Ark., has four small children, and her husband had his leg amputated this summer. She would appreciate any reading or sewing material sent to her.

29. I haven't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time, and I certainly do miss their good cheer and friendly letters. My husband died two years ago, and I am very lonely. I have one boy 15 and a girl 11, whom I am trying to keep in school. Please write to me. I will surely appreciate any cheer sent to me. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Water Street, Martinsville, Va.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

GOVERNMENT INTERESTED IN BOYS' CLOTHES

CLARICE LOUISE SCOTT, of the Bureau of Home Economics, textile and clothing division, of the Department of Agriculture, gives advice to mothers of small boys. She writes: "It may be true that clothes do not make the man, but attractive suits that are comfortable and suited to play *do go* a long way toward making a small boy happy. For years boys were dressed like miniature men. . . . Military uniforms and suits with long trousers, fitted vests and padded coats are styled for men whose activities are decidedly different from those of the 4-6 year old. In such outfits a small boy is forced to think of his clothes continuously, for he cannot play comfortably in trousers that bind when he stoops, or in a coat that restricts every movement of the arm. . . . There are very few boys' suits, if any, that do not restrict muscle action to a slight degree, but this may be reduced to a minimum by careful selection. Suits must always be *large enough* yet not *too large*. Those that are *too small* are uncomfortable and physically harmful, and those that are *too large* tend to make a child nervous and to affect his posture. Sagging crotch seams and armholes that drag are just as restrictive as those that are too close fitting. . . . Often a suit appears large enough, but is ill-fitting in some important place. Correct fit in a growing boy's suit is not the same as that in an adult's. The difference in activities and in stage of development means that a small boy's suit must provide for his comfort and health *above everything else*. Long shoulders, generous armholes, and short sleeve caps are needed for free play of the arms. Sleeveless blouses are good in hot weather. . . . Elbow-length sleeves are suitable for practically all occasions, are not outgrown quickly, and adjust easily to the strain of play.

"If the climate or health of child requires long sleeves, the blouses should have extra width through the back and chest, and the sleeves should be wide enough to prevent binding at the elbows. Fitted cuffs are not good, since long sleeves are soon outgrown, and the cuffs make them uncomfortable, unattractive and restricting. The neck line is an important item. . . . It should be low enough so that there is no pull against the neck as he stoops, for this often produces headache. A neck line that is high in the back is annoying and causes the child to thrust his head forward. Poor posture is the result. Slightly rounded-out necklines are comfortable, healthful and generally becoming. Collars are unnecessary and . . . it is better to use simulated collars stitched flat to the blouse, . . . simple to make and easy to launder.

"Trousers for the small lad should be knee-

length or shorter. . . . Just as long sleeves restrict the arms, so do long trousers restrict the legs. They gather a great deal of dust and dirt which makes them unhygienic, untidy and difficult to launder. Short trousers permit complete freedom of the legs and also expose more space to the sun. (NOTE.—We would add that doctors advocate wide bottoms to trousers as in Sco Shorts.) Trousers must always have plenty of room in the seat, for no suit is desirable unless it is as comfortable for sitting as for standing. . . .

"The boy of two or three has reached the age when he likes to learn new activities and to be independent. A mother should keep this in mind when selecting suits. Simple front openings with buttons and buttonholes that are easily manipulated, uniform in size, and always in the same convenient place, make it possible for a boy to dress himself at an early age. Pull-over sweaters and blouses, complicated belts, and the all too-common type of suit with more than a dozen buttons, are a distinct discouragement to self-help. . . .

"Clothes influence the character and happiness of children. . . . A child becomes more or less self-conscious after the third year, and a habit of sense of well-being is then essential to the development of his self-respect and self-confidence. Ill-fitting, unattractive suits may make the boy fidgety or shy, while suits that are comfortable, simple in design, pleasing in color, and an expression of the individual that he is, will bring forth the best that is within, and also aid in the development of his good taste.

"A boy's suit, because of its small size, requires more exacting care in design than an adult's. The aim is to give the boy's figure the appearance of average proportions. If he is tall and slender for his age, select designs that will cunningly reduce his excess height and fill out his figure. . . . wide trouser legs, pockets on both sides of the blouse, wide and rounding collar lines, trimming bands on the sleeves and slanting pocket effects on the trousers. Suits with contrasting trousers and blouses are becoming to the tall, slender lad. . . . If your boy is short and chunky, then he will appear better in designs that add apparent height and slenderness. . . . Narrow, pointed collar effects are suitable.

"Keep the boy smartly masculine. Frills, ruffles and laces make him appear ridiculous. . . . This does not mean that boys cannot be dressed as *attractively* as girls."

(We trust Miss Scott will later inform mothers regarding the costume of girls. The intelligent mother, however, can surely apply the principles here presented in clothing her feminine progeny.)

Laura R. Donnell

FEAR and Fail are Brothers.

A CONNAUGHT BIRD SANCTUARY

It is no exaggeration to give this name to Ballytumna. There literally "the birds around us hop and play." They are so tame that they will eat out of the hand. Strangers marvel at this, but we tell them it is because the boys and their fathers before them have been trained to treat them with gentle kindness. They never take more than one egg from any nest for their collections and they are most careful not to frighten the mother bird in doing so. In fact, they very often bring her food, and take a keen delight in watching her feeding her "babies" with it.

One pair of swallows, who are recognized by a white feather in the cock's tail, have returned every spring for the last seven years to build in an inverted flowerpot beside the "Widdy O'Rourke's" cottage door. There is every variety of wild bird here, including the Golden Eagle, which comes, though only occasionally, from Achill, the Eagle Island. In common with the rest of Ireland, Ballytumna has no nightingales. Naturalists have tried in vain to account for their absence. Surely it cannot be that St. Patrick banished them, as well as the toads and snakes which are never found here, although they are so common on the other side of the Channel. Almost every bird sings here, from the tiny wren to the skylark; even the sparrows can occasionally "turn a tiny tune." The domestic birds include the Widdy O'Rourke's "ould lady of a goose," a most ungrateful bird. "Sure," as her owner remarked pathetically, "the crathur did never be valuing her good home, but did always be running away from it, so that at last we were druve to be selling her ould ladyship to Micky MacBain, who has her shut into his pen-run that does have the walls of it so high that sorra a run out of it can she run now, and there th' ould lady has learned to the differ what a good home is. For though Micky gives her good food, sorra a kiss does he ever be bestowing on her, while as our childher never let her go to bed widout at least half a dozen of them."

Last summer the Squire offered a prize for the largest number of poetical quotations about birds. Each competitor was asked to inclose his attempt in an envelope on the outside of which was written his name and the number of quotations he had found. "Our peasant poet," Tom Murphy, who delighted in poetry, gave twenty-five very suitable quotations. Paddy O'Rourke, happening to meet the Squire, handed him his envelope on which was written "Forty Quotations." "Why Paddy!" he exclaimed, "this is splendid. I wonder how you have managed to get so many?" Paddy looked up with a most innocent expression in his dark blue eyes. "Sure your Honor," he said, "the most of them

does be by that poet 'Anon,' but would that be in the way of their getting the prize?" "Not at all, Paddy," was the answer, "if they all refer to birds. I am greatly pleased to find you know so much of English and Irish poetry."

But he was not quite so pleased when he opened the envelope and discovered that Paddy had not altogether given up the "thricks" for which he had once been so famous, for the little rogue had only one genuine quotation, with thirty-nine verses of his own composition, each signed with a flourishing "Anon." Here are a few specimens:

"I have heard
The song of a bird."

"Our old goose
Has broken loose,
Her only excuse
Is she IS a goose,"

"You won't catch a robin
Sighing or sobbing."

"The larks do fly
On high on high,
I hear one cry,
Oh my! Oh my!
Sure who can fly
As high as I?"

The Squire knew that no other of the children would have ventured to act like this, but he did not resent it in the least, though he determined to show Paddy that the laugh could occasionally be turned against him, too. At a crowded meeting in the schoolhouse, he presented the prize, a beautiful illustrated book on Natural History, to Tom Murphy for twenty-five well chosen quotations, and an additional prize to Kitty O'Rourke, who had sent in twenty-three. After the cheers had at last subsided, he announced gravely, "I have decided on making a third award; a suitable Booby Prize to the worst of all the competitors, Paddy O'Rourke, who has only sent in one quotation. Here it is, Paddy," and he handed him a cleverly constructed mechanical goose.

"Thank your Honor," responded Paddy, with extreme gravity. "Sure an' nothing could be more to my taste than this illigant bird."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE world will wear a path to the door of the champion maker of anything but excuses.

HE who would feast on success must first learn to swallow disappointment.

SUCCESS is computed not by the number of times you fall down, but by the number of times you get up.

THE EPIC OF A SHEEP RANCH

In the long, picturesque Lemhi Valley, in eastern Idaho, flanked on the west by the rugged Lemhi Mountains and on the east by the Beaverhead Range, in the shadow of the Continental Divide, is the attractive sheep ranch built by Mrs. Emma Yearian, who is widely known for her accomplishments in range sheep husbandry. On her successful establishment, doubly interesting because it has been developed in the heart of a traditional cattle country, one finds about 5,000 head of sheep having the use of 2,000 acres of land. Supplemental range grazing is provided in the higher mountain ranges bordering the valley, mostly on land leased for the summer months from the United States Forest Service.

A trifle over twenty years ago two ambitions inspired Mrs. Yearian to buy sheep and enter a business which has brought her considerable distinction among her fellow sheep operators. One of the ambitions has been realized, and culmination of the other is not far distant. The first was to raise enough money to educate her family. The second was to obtain enough additional to make feasible a trip to interesting places all over the world. The four children have had the benefits of a college education, paid for by the sheep, and now the flock is contributing toward a travel fund.

CATTLEMEN EXCLUDE SHEEP

Anyone familiar with the history of live-stock raising in the American West realizes that about the time Mrs. Yearian made her first ventures into sheep, cattlemen were very much in control on the range. One has pictures of bitter range wars which followed introduction of the first sheep bands into regions which generations of cattlemen held special to their use. The Lemhi Valley was one of the regions in which cattle sentiment ruled. Even before Mrs. Yearian thought of sheep, others had looked to the valley and decided it would be fine for their flocks. They had tried to enter, but the cattlemen successfully kept them out. Moreover, Mrs. Yearian's husband was at the time a cattle operator and, true to his branch of the industry, disliked sheep with genuine cattleman fervor.

The cattle industry, though romantic and powerful at the time, was not attractively remunerative. In some parts of the West, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, sheep bands already had claimed a small niche on the range. The alert Mrs. Yearian noted that these few sheepmen, though their lot was a trying one, seemed to have healthy bank accounts and ample money to take care of their needs. Their financial condition appeared much more wholesome than that of the cattlemen she knew.

Mrs. Yearian did not see how cattle possibly

could give her children the kind of an education she desired, so she decided to bring her ideas on sheep out into the open. If sheep would enable others to spend winters in California and Florida, and she was continually hearing reports of such good fortune, Mrs. Yearian reasoned they would educate her children and possibly give her enough money to see the world.

A LONG STRUGGLE

It must have been something like a bombshell when the wife first suggested to her husband a plan for raising sheep. Normally an easy-going, big-hearted man, a typically generous stock man, Mr. Yearian was instantly aroused. As a cow man he disliked the very mention of sheep. It is fortunate that Mrs. Yearian started her campaign in ample time, for it required several years for her to wear down the traditional cattlemen dislike for sheep to the point where he would sanction a band on the ranch.

The husband insisted, as did the majority of the cattlemen who endeavored to keep out of flocks, that sheep would destroy all the range for the cattle. They advanced numerous reasons why cattle should have exclusive use of all the fine forage that grows on the Lemhi hills. Mrs. Yearian insisted that the day was not far distant when sheep would come in in spite of all opposition. She even forecast the time when sheep might outnumber cattle in that country, and saw no reason why she should not do some of the pioneering. Mrs. Yearian's views on the futility of trying to keep sheep out has proved sound. Today, the one-time cattle stronghold is one of the leading sheep regions in the State.

Mrs. Yearian's persistence finally won out, and the first shipment of sheep, the foundation of the flock which has brought her unusual distinction, was authorized by her husband. The lot consisted of about 1,200 young ewes, for which Mr. Yearian paid \$2.75 apiece, an exceedingly low price compared with the figures at which sheep are sold today.

SHE STOOD BY HER GUNS

For the first two years Mrs. Yearian's venture in sheep was looked upon somewhat as a joke by people in the valley. Even the cattlemen, those who had previously had a hand in aggressive opposition to the entrance of sheepmen into their land, smiled sympathetically as they saw this ambitious woman and her sheep. While the cattlemen were smiling and being humorously tolerant, saying that two years would see her tired of sheep and ready to quit, the woman was learning all she could about the technique of sheep management. She was an assiduous student, her initiative making up for lack of classroom instruction, and in two years her fund of knowledge had broadened immensely. After

two years of indifference, the cattlemen saw that this threat to their exclusiveness was more serious than they had at first thought.

Then, as Mrs. Yearian recalls, the fun commenced. The cattlemen became serious-minded and aggressive in this opposition. The old dislike for sheep returned. Mrs. Yearian recalls going to jail a few times for alleged violation of old anti-sheep laws enacted when the territorial legislature was composed entirely of cattlemen. One was the two-mile grazing law, which made it a serious matter to graze sheep within two miles of a ranch. Another ancient statute provided punishment for any sheep owner who grazed his flock on land previously occupied by cattle and horses.

Mrs. Yearian stuck and won, and now the sheep are firmly established.

UPS AND DOWNS

Though Mrs. Yearian's sheep holdings now number about 5,000 head, she had at one time approximately 10,000 head under her control. She employs about fifteen helpers during the busy season of the year. Her biggest year of business was in 1917. That season she received \$105,000 from her lambs and wool, and \$15,000 from the sale of breeding sheep. That sheep raising is subject to severe fluctuations is apparent by her assertion that three years later, 1920, a year when lambs and wool scarcely could be given away, she lost nearly \$70,000.

Though employing a large number of herders, Mrs. Yearian constantly keeps in close touch with the sheep camps. After the lambs are born, usually in May, she commences making her rounds of the camps. She visits each camp at least once a month. The camps are so scattered, many of them on the national forest range, that four days are required to make the circuit. Mrs. Yearian has developed a liking for horseback riding, and says she also enjoys sleeping under the open skies on a pine bough bed.—Christian Science Monitor.

MOTHER'S BOWER

HAPPILY we spend the hours,
Seeking out the finest flowers,
Searching where the rare ones bloom—
For decorating Mother's room;
Some for draping round her bed,
For the walls, and overhead,
In each corner, little bowers
Of gayly colored summer flowers.

Softly, softly, we must go—
She is not supposed to know,
Till, with flowers around, above her,
We all tell her that we love her.

—Alfred I. Tooke.

NO REGRETS

HAVE you ever regretted
—doing a kindness to another?
—doing your very best work?
—hearing before judging and then remembering not to judge at all?
—thinking twice before speaking sharply, and then saying something kind?
—standing by principle that is grounded in Truth and based on God's law?
—being generous to an enemy?
—being prompt in keeping your appointments and faithful in keeping your promises?
—being a good example for some boy or girl who looks up to you for guidance?

"Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Do this and good fortune, friends, and prosperity will be your reward, and you will live in a state of mind where there are no regrets.—*Adelaide Hensley.*

LET ME FORGET

ONE prayer, of all the prayers

My heart might say,
Is: "Teach me to begin

All fresh today,
Lord, teach me to forget
The worry and the fret
That lie behind.

Each morning, born anew,
With vigor let me do
What's right and kind.

"Unhampered by the wrong

Of yesterday,
Oh, teach me quick the song
To sing today,

Nor let my heart be sore
For what has gone before,
But cheerful say:

"Today the sun is bright!
Today I will do right!
My heart is gay!"

"The living of one day

Is quite enough;
Sufficient to the time
Is each rebuff:

Oh, teach me to be brave!
And grant the power I crave,
Just to forget!

Help me each day to hold
In memory its gold,
And not its fret!"

—Helen Lockwood Coffin.

WHAT THEN WILL THE CHILD BE?

MANY centuries ago a very wise man said a very wise thing—"And I hated all my labor wherein I labored under the sun, seeing that I must leave it unto the man that shall come after me. And who knoweth whether he will be a wise man or a fool? Yet will he have rule over all my labor wherein I have labored, and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun."

The priceless heritage that we ourselves have inherited from the past, the institutions that we have cherished among our most precious possessions, the very watchwords with which we have gone forward in the spirit of all that is bravest and truest and best in the history of mankind—all the virtues and all the loyalties, all that is most sacred to us, and all that has made our lives worth the living—all these things are subject to the whim of the children who today are playing in our streets.

It is not enough that our generation should take its responsibilities seriously, or even solve its problems satisfactorily. We must not forget to ask ourselves the question: "What will the generation that is to follow us think of these things?" We must not neglect to take into consideration the veto-power of our children.

Let us take a little child out of the street, and set him here in our midst. Perhaps both of his parents are foreign-born. Perhaps his clothes are ragged, and his hair unkempt, and his hands grimy with dirt. Perhaps his father is a huckster, and his mother ekes out their slender subsistence by washing for us by the day. And here we sit in a circle about him. How much power, how much culture, how much affluence do we represent in his sight! In a limited sense at least we are as gods in the eyes of this little waif.

But do not let us scorn him, you and I, for he holds our destiny within his grimy little fingers. He is the arbiter of the future when our hands are palsied, and our mouths will be choked with dust. And if our dearest heart's desires are to see their full fruition, it will be as a favor at his hands, one turn of whose little wrist will be able to frustrate all the plans and purposes for which we would willingly shed the last drop of our blood.

This picture is no idle fancy, but sober earnest. Let us be mindful of the presence of this child in our midst. Indeed, I believe that after all is said and done, the most vital question that you and I will ever be called upon to answer, to our conscience, to our country, and to our God, is nothing more and nothing less than this—"What then will this child be?"

And not only with regard to the street urchin, but with regard to the chubby little cherub that you dangle on your knee. For it is a question for every father and every mother concerning every child.

"What then will this child be?" Well, what are we going to do with him, you and I? Today we can do with him what we will. Tomorrow he can and will do with us, and with all we cherish as he pleases. It is for us to say what he will be. His destiny is in our hands, as our destiny is in his.

The challenge of the future is a challenge to the state, to the school, and to the church, but most especially to the home. "What then will this child be?" is a question primarily for the father and mothers to answer. But if we would know the answer we must ask another question—"What kind of a man is his father? What manner of woman is his mother?" For the influence that will count the most in molding his character is the influence of their example.

The future is in the hands of our children for evil or for good. Let us be faithful in our duty to our own, that some day they may rise up and call us blessed. Let us not neglect these other children of the foreign-born, for they may share our heritage with our own. And let us not despise them, for they have not only the power to betray us, but they have the possibility with them of greatly adding to the glory of our race.

Equal in importance to laying firm the foundation on which our American society is to rest, is the task of training the children who shall come after us, to reverence our ideals, to cherish our institutions, to dedicate themselves to the perpetuation of the foundation which we have laid, and to rear upon them a superstructure that will stand for all time as a monument to commemorate the fact that we have builded wisely and well.—*Rev. Thomas C. Pears, Jr.*

THANKS

THANK Thee that I can hear,
Finely and keenly with the inner ear,
Below the rush and clamor of a throng
The mighty music of the under-song.
And when the day has journeyed to its rest,
Lo, as I listen, from the amber west,
Where the great organ lifts its glowing spires,
There sounds the chanting of the unseen choir.
Thank Thee for sight that shows the hidden
flame

Beneath all breathing, throbbing things the same
Thy pulse the pattern of the thing to be . . .

Thank Thee that I can see!

—*Angela Morgan*

FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall be it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.—*Emerson*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

CHIPPY CHIPMUNK AND
JENNY WREN

CHIPPY CHIPMUNK lived in a mountain forest in the land that the Indians called Colorado, or "colored land."

Chippy's little striped back was ever flashing in and out among the rocks of the mountainside, for Chippy had just one task before him. That one thing was to store food in a deep hole beneath the biggest gray rock on the hillside. Enough food to last Chippy and his Chipmunk family the whole winter long.

So all day Chippy flashed and dashed about. Now he brought a dried berry and put it into the hole, now a fallen nut; yes, and again crumbs of bread from the doorstep of the cottage where a little yellow-haired boy lived just above Chippy's home on that very hillside. Chippy was not afraid to skip very close to the cottage step, for the little yellow-haired boy had never chased him, and always there were crumbs scattered about the rocks by the doorstep.

One day in his scampering Chippy noticed something new. A yellow box with a little hole in it was sitting on the rail of the cottage. Chippy looked again, then blinked his eyes.

Why, there was Jenny Wren flitting in and out of the hole in the box!

Then Chippy saw something else.

"Chutter, chutter, chutter! Chut! Chut!" said Chippy in amazement, for all about on the step below Jenny Wren's little box house were pieces and pieces of bread.

No doubt he was thinking right now how empty that big hole under the rock still was. Or perhaps he was thinking how very long the winters always were and how much food his tiny family ate. Anyway, Chippy crept nearer and nearer. Just about as Chippy's little sharp nose was ready to touch the first big bread crumb, Jenny Wren stepped out of her little round door.

Now Jenny Wren was thinking of something, too, something entirely different from Chippy Chipmunk. Jenny Wren was thinking always of her two little wren babies snuggled in the nest within the little house and how she must keep them safe. When she saw Chippy Chipmunk no doubt she thought something like this: "Well, what is that chipmunk doing here? How dare he come so very near my babies?"

"Tck! Tck! Tck! ("Get away from here!" I suppose that is in Wren talk.)

But just then Chippy saw a bigger crumb and crept a little nearer.

That was too much for Jenny Wren.

"Surely he means no good," Jenny must have thought, and down she flew.

"Peck!" went her little beak.

"Oh!" cried Chippy in Chipmunk.

"Tek! Tek! Tek!" ("Don't come back!") Jenny called after Chippy as he scurried down the hillside.

Then they both heard something. It sounded pleasant. It was the little yellow-haired boy laughing.

Jenny flew back to her little house.

Chippy scrambled into his hole under the rock.

"They just did not understand each other," said the little yellow-haired boy. "Jenny Wren wants to keep her babies from harm, I'll spread the crumbs up high for her."

Just then Chippy ran up over the rocks again.

"And Chippy Chipmunk wants to fill his cupboards. I'll put his crumbs on his own side of the cottage."

Next morning Chippy Chipmunk found so many large crumbs on the rocks about his own hole that he was the busiest chipmunk on the whole mountainside.

On the porch side of the cottage, Jenny Wren, sure now that her babies were safe from all visitors, filled the air with a trilling happy song.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE RAGGED RAINBOW

Little Rosie O'Toole is as gay as can be
Sitting in her gypsy tent beneath the apple tree.
It's fashioned from a piece-quilt that her mother
cast away

And its colors are the craziest that ever saw the
day.

Crimson and purple and soft apple green
With all the plaids and polka-dots giggling
between.

It was Rosie who made the tent all by herself
Perched on the step-ladder just like an elf.

She hammered it down just as tight as could be
From the side of the house to the old apple tree.
Her eyes were all shiny, her cheeks were aglow
When she christened her gypsy tent, "Ragged
Rainbow."

She lolls like a vagabond at its flap-door
Reading the pages of wondrous lore.
And oh, how it puzzles her little friends so
When she shuts herself up in the "Ragged
Rainbow!"

Little Rosie O'Toole will be grown up some day
And ever so quiet she'll vanish away.
She'll leave when the world is all sunny and blue
And she'll roll up her tent like a bright cockatoo.

—*Myra Auerbach.*

THE MOUNTAIN "KIVER"

In the mountains of Knott County, Kentucky, on Troublesome Creek, there is a settlement school, and at one end of the long hall in the main building you will find the slab settle, the slab cupboard, the reel, the big wheel for spinning cotton and wool, the little flax wheel and a sled loom over a hundred years old. At the loom sits a mountain girl and she is called—listen, ye lovers of music!—she is called Dalmanutha, a name that might have descended to her from some Saxon princess; or perhaps it is Cynthia, name beloved of the Elizabethan poets. She is weaving a coverlet, and as she weaves she looks at a yellow strip of paper on which her mother's mother traced the lines and figures of the draft. . . .

In the old days a linen thread was used for the warp, and flax had to be grown, hackled, and spun. Now the coverlet is of cotton overshot

with wool, and these materials, too, are a home product. The women work in the field, hoe the cotton, gathering it when it is ripe, picking, carding it, and spinning it. The sheep must be sheared and the wool picked, washed, carded, and spun. Then they must dig roots, collect the barks of different trees, set the "blue-pot" and make the dyes according to ancestral methods. When all this drudgery is finished, the mountain woman seats herself at the loom; her bodily weariness falls from her like a garment; she is no longer a tired drudge, she is an artist. If a sculptor or a painter should enter her cabin do you think she might greet him as a sister greets a brother?—From "A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets," Eliza Calvert Hall.

"TAKE home a smile; forget the petty cares
The dull grim grind of all the day's affairs
The day is done, come, be yourself awhile
Tonight, to those who wait, take home a smile"

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MRS. H. A. STEVENS, *Chairman*

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